

Happy Halloween

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Summary:

Pennywise is still out on Halloween night after the children are accounted for and sleeping. But YOU'RE still up, aren't you?

Happy Halloween

It's nearly midnight when you remember to go collect your candy bowl. Not feeling up to much else but watching scary movies and hanging out in your underwear, but feeling too guilty to just turn your porch light off, you'd opted to set out a big bowl of candy with a "*please take ONE*" note and blind trust that no one kid would empty it for themselves.

Now that the holiday is done and all the kids are gone, you pause your movie and unlock your door, peering out into the darkness at the very empty bowl. The bowl only holds your attention until it's securely in your hands, at which point you notice it - someone by the steps, almost flattened by the side of your home. It grins ghoulishly from the shadow it's swathed in and you let a little scream loose. Heart pounding, you clutch the bowl and sputter apologies.

“Jesus fuck! S-Sorry, I - you look creepy as hell. Good costume, um... you mind... leaving? This is really uncomfortable.”

The clown seems to bow a little before lifting one long leg and distancing himself from your house, feet moving in sort of a lazy waltz step. Without the fuzzy veil of darkness to hide inside of, you can see the painstaking detail to his costume... and his *height*. You look down at his legs, his boots, trying to locate where stilts might be fitted into his getup.

“Thought I smelled something sweet,” he giggles. His voice alone is enough to make your flesh crawl, pricking into goosebumps as your hair stands on end. He tests a step closer and you nearly trip trying to stumble back into your home, the bowl held before you like the shittiest shield in existence.

“Yeah, well, the candy’s gone, so... please leave. Or I’ll call the cops.”

The clown licks his lips and laughs again, in peals that scatter and rise into the night like smoke, discordant as television static. You glance around, but nobody’s out *now*; and even if they were, who would give a shit? Who would blink an eye at a little screaming on Halloween? His grin stretches until you feel ill, hands shaking. *His*

mouth is too big. It's too fucking big, and his teeth glint in the weak light and all you can think of is the way they'd shear through your flesh and muscle and bone, parting them like some biblical act before you bleed out on your own doorstep.

"What is it the children chant? Trick or treat? *Well, well, well!* I like that! I daresay you'll have *both!* I will show you a trick... and you can be the treat."

You drop the bowl and back into your doorway, slamming the door shut and managing the locks with an efficiency that surprises you in your current state. You hold your breath and try to still yourself, shaking hard enough that you clench your jaw to prevent chattering, tilting your head to listen. It's silent outside. There's only distant cars, a random firework.

Feeling enough relief to abandon the door, you turn to start scanning the living room for your phone and barely make it all the way around before you see it. Every ounce of strength rushes out from your muscles. Your lungs empty in a whine, and just like that, you're cemented to the spot.

It's the clown. He's inside your living room, and he's the size of a fucking car.

He's on his hands and knees, smiling in a way that might be charming in a different situation. Saliva drips down his chin and pools into a stained patch on the carpet. He draws forward on his arms, shoulders undulating like a feline predator, and you can't do anything but try to keep your head together as he reaches out and wraps his monstrous fingers around your body, lifting you off your feet. He peers at you up close, irises a sickly shade of orange-yellow that churns and clots in its orbital chambers.

"I've shown you a trick," he giggles, erratic tone booming straight through to your bones. In a fit of manic laughter that threatens your feeble grasp on sanity, he picks your clothing off as easily as if he were plucking wings from a moth, tossing them aside with glee. He mocks your whimpering and a long, slimy tongue slithers out from between his jaws to tease your bare feet, licking stripes along the arches and up your calves. He shudders with delight, dragging up

between your legs to taste you there. The tongue pulls back into its home and his smile dies, eyes burning red as they bore into you from beneath his lashes.

“A *treat you are*, tiny, little thing. I prefer to *eat* my candy, don’t you?”

His jaws unhinge and you’re met with endless, chittering rows of teeth, jagged and spiraling down its gullet. He tips you back and you scream as you feel those teeth rake painfully over your skin, squeezed tightly by the contracting muscles of his throat. He takes you in until his lips wrap around your waist and your lower half is surrounded by razored tooth and muscle, indescribably wet and warm.

For a moment, nothing happens but his muffled laughter bubbling up to thrum inside of your body like electricity. Then, his big tongue worms between your thighs, caressing and searching until it fills you. It’s sudden and painful, but everything is so slick that there isn’t much resistance. In the center of your mind, buried deep past your screeching fear of imminent and violent death, heat sizzles down in your belly and the clown *moans*. He moans as if savoring a meal and it rumbles through your core.

You’re unsure if it’s your adrenaline, his nasty, toxic saliva, or the impossible things he’s doing to your body, but you find yourself wiggling back against the building pressure. Heat hugs you from every conceivable angle, your lower half engulfed in a strange suction, the sharp points of his teeth welcome in the wake of the horrifying new pleasure he’s forcing into your body.

If you’re going to die, you may as well allow yourself this much. You shake, reclined back with your shoulders cradled against his palm, and within minutes you’re bucking your hips with total disregard to the way his teeth slice and tear into you, desperate to fuck his tongue as every muscle in your body goes taut and lets go. Pleasure hits you and you white out, swimming into a distant, sparkling numbness that peaks with the spasms of your body as you cum. He licks and sucks at your body well past your comfort, drinking in your agonized whines before loosening his throat and pulling you from his mouth.

He puts you down, soaked in his saliva and your own blood and cum,

and licks his lips clean as his face knits itself back together and he shrinks to his normal - albeit still overwhelming - size. He offers a parting wink, chuckles, and disappears when you blink, completely vanished by the time you open your eyes.

You turn at the sound of soft scraping and see a balloon bobbing against your ceiling. In frosted lettering, it simply reads: *HAPPY HALLOWEEN!*